

# Woman's Page

To Treat Pimples Right—Hygiene More Than Skin Deep—Health Hints—Fashions for the Summer—Bead Embroidery Still Used—Fruit Beverages for Hot Days.



## HEALTH TALKS

By William Brady, M. D.  
Painting Out the Pimples.  
Pimples on the face of an embarrassed young person are generally not

due to bad blood. On the contrary they are apt to appear in individuals where the blood is rich and pure.

Blackheads, so-called, are obstructed oil ducts. The "enlarged pore" is a young blackhead which never grows up. When the oil duct becomes sufficiently irritated from retained sebum (the whitish material you can squeeze out of a blackhead like a little worm) and from the multiplication of certain bacteria which are probably always present on a normal skin, you have a nice crop of pimples, alias "acne vulgaris." When this vulgar acne becomes chronic, and leads to the thickening of the skin, particularly on the end of the nose, you have "acne rosacea"—whether you drink like a fish or tea-total firmly.

Bathe the face briskly with hot water and plain soap every second evening. Don't be gentle, but scrub as hard as the skin will stand. Rinse in cold water. Dry thoroughly. Then

rub into each pimple and environment a simple antiseptic ointment of a stimulating character, like 1 or 2 per cent ammoniated mercury ointment. Wash this off in the morning.

**Hygiene Is More Than Skin Deep.**  
A cool sponge or tub or shower every morning. Eat what you like, but stop short of satiation always. Don't nibble at fancy stuff between meals, and never eat to please a hostess. Drink two quarts of water daily if you are not obese. Substitute buttermilk in part if you wish. Plenty of fresh fruit, but little meat unless your work is strenuous muscular labor.

Never let slip a chance to get slightly sunburned. And remember cool air and wind and weather makes healthy complexion. Keep the bowels active by means of cereals, fruits, vegetables and fats in the diet, and take a simple laxative regularly if necessary. Exercise is perfectly harmless.

If these measures fail, you may still find relief in the vaccine treatment, which indeed clears up some obstinate cases which resist all other methods. But remember the pimples are almost physiological and nothing to be ashamed of, because the best young people in the world have them more than any one else.

**Advance Notice on Hay Fever.**  
Now, before the first regiment of Uhlans descends upon us poor hay fever victims, writes A. J. D., why don't you start a propaganda in our behalf? Let readers who have "been there" and know, send in their suggestions, then you edit them with your keen pen and pass them along occasionally.

Answer—We can't tell you how much we dread the approach of the season. We don't suffer personally. It isn't that. But we suffer vicariously. Every reader capable of legible penmanship writes in for advice, and we have to worry along with them till a good frost arrives. But your idea is not bad. Who wants to start the movement? Letters must be couched in moderate language and not more than 10,000 words in length. Don't knock. Come in.

**Bilious.**  
Weary Old Rubie writes: I, 38, have bilious spells frequently. Head swims, feel like I would pitch forward on my face when I get up in the morning. Stools very light color; urine very red; often have dull pain in right side; calomel only gives temporary relief; have a hearty appetite and am otherwise in good health.

Answer—Liver not guilty but owner insane. "Bilious" is a mere by-word, near-diagnosis, excuse for ignorance. Vegetarian diet advisable. Milk excepted. Fast a day now and then. Auto-toxemia, whether you drive a

rub into each pimple and environment a simple antiseptic ointment of a stimulating character, like 1 or 2 per cent ammoniated mercury ointment. Wash this off in the morning.

**FASHION HINTS.**  
Black and white is more effectively used than ever before—and they form a combination that can be made far more striking than crimson and grass green, if one wishes to make it so.

Silk sports hats, with wide, shading brims, sometimes figured and sometimes plain, are featured by the smart milliners.

Points are much used in the new frocks—there are pointed tunics and skirts cut in deep points at the bottom and points in some form appear on many bodices.

Bead embroidery is still used. In a new frock the whole bodice, save the sleeves, is covered with bead-embroidered daisies.

Silk Jersey suits are worn for sports. There is a sweater jacket and skirt, usually a sash or scarf to match and often a jaunty little cap, made with a point on each side, one ending in a tassel, the other fastened down with a silk-covered button.

Still many sports skirts are fastened from belt to hem with buttons straight down the front. This fashion came in the day of scant skirts, when it was a great convenience to have a sports skirt that could be unbuttoned for a foot or two at the hem.

Prediction is made that for autumn wear voile and tulle in heavy coarse weave are to be featured. These are both desirable fabrics, for they have an element of durability that makes them economical.

**COOLING DRINKS.**  
Fruit beverages are delicious and healthful on hot days. An important point to be remembered in making lemon, orange or pineapple drinks is to first prepare a syrup of granulated sugar and water. The other ingredients should be added to this.

**Pineapple Lemonade**—Boil one cup of sugar and one pint of water ten minutes; add two cups grated pineapple and the juice of three lemons. When cold strain and dilute with one quart of ice water.

**Orangeade**—Make a syrup as for pineapple lemonade; when cold add the juice of six oranges; dilute by adding crushed ice a syrup of a pint of water and a cup of sugar. To this add one-half cup of lemon juice. Lemon syrup may be placed in bottles and used as needed. It should be

diluted with ice water to suit individual tastes.

**Ginger Punch**—Make a syrup of a quart of water and a cup of sugar. Add one-half pound of chopped canton or crystallized ginger. Boil for ten minutes; add one-half cup of orange juice and one-half cup of lemon juice; strain and dilute with crushed ice.

## Freckle-Face

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from any druggist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength ointment as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advertisement.

## FUGITIVE CAUGHT IN MALAD, IDAHO

Boise, Idaho, July 1.—Recognized on the streets of Malad by former residents of West Virginia who knew him, Charles B. Townsend, wanted in that state on a charge of first degree murder, was taken into custody and is now, or soon will be, en route east in custody of Sheriff W. D. Keith and Prosecuting Attorney L. H. Barnett, to answer to the charge returned against him in August, 1929, by a grand jury. His alleged victim is charged in the true bill and the complaint on file here to be William M. Henry D. Hatfield of West Virginia, made through the officers named, Governor Alexander today granted requisition papers for the return of Townsend to answer the charge made against him.

For six years the West Virginia authorities have hunted for Townsend and followed every clue during that period without results. Had it not

been for the fact that former residents of West Virginia had left their native state and moved to Idaho, Townsend would still be at large. These West Virginians located in the town of Malad. They were familiar with the crime alleged to have been committed by Townsend and knew him. It appears that in drifting into the west Townsend finally visited Malad.

There he was recognized on the streets. The authorities in the eastern state were notified and the wires were burned in getting Townsend into custody. He was placed under arrest by the Malad authorities and held pending the arrival of the West Virginia sheriff. As he wanted to make certain of his man, he took the precaution of bringing the county attorney along.

## SERIOUS IS THE RUSS RETREAT

London, July 1, 10:30 p. m.—The northward drive of the Austro-German armies from Galicia into Poland is daily becoming more formidable and England is puzzled as to whether they propose to make their main effort in this direction, instead of maintaining a continued offensive to the eastward, to force the Russians out of the southeast tip of Galicia.

Whatever the ultimate object is, the fighting along the Galia Lipa river has not abated, and this afternoon's Berlin official communication not only records progress in this sector, but further north in the area around Lemberg, as well as in what has now become the northern front, between the Vistula and Bug rivers.

The Austro-German forces on this front are estimated at 2,000,000 men and their progress has been rapid. They have crossed the forest fringing of the Tanew river and are not far from the Zamosc fortress, twenty-five miles north of the Galician frontier. Only a hundred miles to the north is the great Russian base, Brest-Litovsk, linked with Warsaw by important railways and lying almost due east of the Polish capital.

## Are You Ready For Your Trip? Take HORLICK'S Malted Milk

with you when Yachting, Camping, Motoring, Fishing, or Golfing. A nutritious, satisfying Food-Drink ready in a moment. A good light lunch when tired or run down. Simply dissolve in water, hot or cold. A fine night's rest is assured if you take a cupful hot before retiring. Our Lunch Tablets are the same of convenient nourishment. Dissolve a few in the mouth when fatigued or hungry. Sample free, HORLICK'S, Racine, Wis. No Substitute "Just as Good" as HORLICK'S, the Original.

For weeks that the Russians would turn and make a stand, but it now frankly concedes that the new invasion of Russia is serious. The papers, however, place faith in Russia's munitions campaign, much the same as the British public is relying upon David Lloyd George's plan to equip the British army in France as ultimately to match the Germans in explosives and munitions, especially machine guns.

## SUPPLY OF SHELL RECEIVED BY RUSSIAN FORCES

Geneva, via Paris, July 1, 3:22 p. m.—A dispatch to the Tribune from Innsbruck states that the Russians have received a new supply of high explosive shells. The Austro-Germans, the dispatch adds, have begun a general offensive movement, between southeast of Lemberg and Przemyel where the Russians are retiring slowly on Tarnopol, their artillery inflicting heavy losses on the enemy with their new ammunition.

## START WORK ON DEPOT.

Brigham City, July 1.—The Lynch Construction company began work today on the new interurban depot for the Ogden, Logan & Idaho Railway company, to be located on Fifth West Forest street. The plans call for a large modern building, which will be a combination station and residence, the residence portion to be occupied by the local agent.

## STRUCK BY AUTOMOBILE.

A Spanish Fork, July 1.—Miss Clara Jensen was painfully, though not seriously, injured this afternoon when she was knocked down by an automobile driven by Neils Anthon. Miss Jensen was crossing the street at the time of the accident and did not see the approaching car.

# WHO PAYS?

Story No. 10

## The Pomp of Earth

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(CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.)

VI.

Don Porter, serving a 20-year sentence for looting a bank actually looted by John Cole, its president, awaited in his cell, with well concealed impatience, the coming of the prison electrician to fix his globe. What if he wouldn't come! What if he had told the Warden of their little scheme—and the Warden, not the electrician, would visit his cell tonight? If he was coming, he surely should be there now. Why wasn't he? Any one of a million things might keep him, but there wasn't one of them could in the least do his prospects any good. He was possessed of doubt and apprehension, and a vague, sinking fright, that he had ever decided on such a daring plan. If it

read it, holding it in the palm of his great hand, with his back to the cell door.

"Have tip, Cole gone to Los Angeles. Name of Richard Walker." That was all. But, it was, to the man who read it an epistle satisfying and complete. Slowly his mouth twisted itself into a terrible smile, threatening, hideous, his eyes stared hard as though through the heavy walls, as though at something, clear, distinct, attainable beyond, and he drew his fingers in a gentle caress across the barrel of the steel-blue Colt.

An hour later, after changing clothes and a scare-crow in the fields he swung aboard a slowly moving freight train and started westward toward Los Angeles to find John Cole, now Richard Walker—toward the attainment of "his heart's desire!" That same night, Richard Walker



## HUGH REALIZES THAT FAILURE STARES HIM IN THE FACE.

were balked—if they caught him—he decided it would mean an additional sentence. More years of fruitless yearning, and an almost unattainable perspective of "his heart's desire!" But with this thought, this possibility, of quick, certain vengeance, his pulse quickened and a determined-to-risk-all expression permeated his every part, and he had surmised of his cowardly fears of a moment before. He stopped suddenly in his nervous pacing, the sound of footsteps on the corridor causing his heart to beat such inbounding thumps as his highly sensitive imagination made him certain would be heard in the adjacent cells. The footsteps died out, however, in the "Another one," he thought bitterly for a moment, and then his own bitter disappointment, overcoming his disinterested sympathy, he growled with the vicious anger of the law beast his prison life had made him. Again footsteps—and again his sudden stop, poised unwittingly on his toes. The steps came nearer, and he could distinguish more than two feet. "The turnkey with him, of course," he thought, and realized how distracted his mind was that he had thought of more than two feet with apprehension. Nearer and nearer they came, their steps, to his distorted imagination, echoing in unreasonable disproportion. He went quickly to his couch, and laid there, his arms flung carelessly over his head, his inert body indisputably asleep. When they arrived outside his door, and the turnkey inserted his key, its grating in the iron door aroused the cell's occupant, and he jumped up, shielding his eyes in well-forged fear, as he approached the light.

"Good evening, turnkey," and then, without looking at the other, "Lo, 'lectrician. Come to fix that globe!" "Yeah."

The door swung wide and the electrician entered and swung his leather bag on the cot. The turnkey stood outside for a moment, then turned and started to pace with slow, even steps outside the door.

The electrician opened his bag, and with his right hand took out a heavy roll of green-wound wire. It entirely hid his left hand (furthest from the cell door), which hand deftly lifted something blue and shining and slipped it under the mattress.

The job took but a few minutes, the old wire was pieced, a new globe screwed into the socket, and the cell lit. With a cheerless good-night, the two left, the porter waiting, their footsteps died away, his power of imagination seeming inadequate to supply his greedy lungs.

A Colt, three files and a note! He

was a welcome visitor at the Hilton residence. He spoke long and earnestly to Edith, pleading the sincerity of his love, and painting well, though not too obviously well, the splendid social future of the future Mrs. Richard Walker.

When he left that night he was happier than he had been in many years; in fact the vision of a gaunt, man behind unpromising steel bars, was almost obliterated from his mind—almost, but not quite.

For Walker had made his plea well, and had sealed it with a kiss.

VII.

The bottom had dropped out of A. & M. and Hugh Keene, unable to cover, started ruin in the face. He had already drawn \$5,000 on Richard Walker's deposit with him, and felt it would be unsafe to go further. The funds of the Sunset Club, of which he was treasurer, were in his possession, and he thought, uncertainly, of them in considering "just where he stood."

A. & M. had broken badly, there was no escaping that; but he felt sure it was only a "heat" raid, from which the stock would quickly rally. If only he could hold on! He knew that, essentially, all this "trading" was the riskiest form of gamble. But this—this particular case of his, it was so sure—so absolutely certain. He soothed himself with the thought that if he, as a broker, knowing the risk of playing the market, was sure of A. & M., why then, if A. & M. disappointed, whose fault was that?

To have stopped where he was, with the already certain loss of \$5,000, not his, would have been more level headed than to have gone on; but to stop now would have been tantamount to an admission that his judgment had in the first place been faulty, and to admit that would be to admit that his appropriation of Walker's money was just stealing. Of course, it was not stealing for him to borrow money from a business associate, to help him in a deal that entailed no risk other than for the money borrowed! Why, it was done everyday! The fact that it was a risk did not alter the status of the case at all, since he had operated on the theory that it wasn't; so, to justify his original judgment, (and incidentally to satisfy his desire for wealth—at-a-scoop) there was, obviously, nothing to do but go on.

The next check he wrote to cover his margins with George Summer, was drawn from the account of the Sunset Club.

After that, he started briskly to go through his afternoon's mail, and stopped suddenly, with apprehension, at an envelope addressed to him in Richard Walker's hand. It opened it clumsily, and read:

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

## John Dough Raised on Fleischmann's Yeast.



## Here's a Recipe from His FREE Book

**ENGLISH MONKEY:** 1 cup bread crumbs; hot buttered toast; 1 cup milk; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon butter; 3-4 cup grated cheese; 1-2 teaspoon salt; few grains red pepper. Mixing, etc.

Doesn't the above recipe tempt you. It's one of the 62 you'll find in the John Dough Book. Get your copy today. The supply, at the start, was small. At the rate they are going, all of them will soon be gone. At any of the following bakeries, you can get a copy.

A. G. DUERR, 2258 Grant Ave.

HESS BAKERY, 2559 Grant Ave.

WHEELER BROS., 2560 Wash. Ave.

WARD'S BAKERY, 2341 Wash. Ave.

DALEBOUT BROS., 751 27th St.

HOME BAKERY, 262 West 20th St.

**"FEAR"**  
Any woman may serve  
**Blue Ribbon Bread**  
without fear  
The last slice tastes as good as the first, because it is properly fermented and baked.  
When ordering—remember the name.  
Sold at all Groceries.  
**HESS BAKERY**  
Phone 601. 2559 Grant Ave.

**STOP AND THINK!**  
The bread that holds its creamy wheat flavor to the last slice is—  
**Ward's Good Bread.**  
It is made of Utah flour.  
Ward caters to the Particular.  
Shouldn't YOU join the Particular?  
We specialize for Parties.  
Our candies, ice creams and cakes are made of the highest grade materials.  
**Ward's Store of Quality**  
Phone 279. 2341 Washington Ave.

**"A TIP"**  
to the wise is sufficient.  
Uncle Sam says:  
"Be Careful, Be Firm, Be Right."  
Therefore order  
**OPTIMO BREAD**  
which has won its Favor thru its Flavor.  
We use the famous local Optimo Flour.  
Patronize Home Industry.  
"Nufsed."  
**DALEBOUT BROTHERS,**  
PHONE 741-J. 751 27th STREET.

**PLEASURES IN LIFE**  
Health promotes pleasure,  
**PERFECTION BREAD**  
promotes Health.  
Also an extra day of rest—which your conscience will let you enjoy if your family is allowed to thrive on  
**PERFECTION BREAD**  
The large 10c loaf with the genuine home made flavor.  
Get a loaf today from your Grocer.  
**WHEELER BROTHERS**  
Phone 481. 2560 Washington Ave.

**The High-Cost-of-Living**  
retreats the day you commence  
**"EATING MORE BREAD"**  
Meat is good; eggs are good; milk is good. But they are mighty expensive considering the energy they contain. Here's a table comparing them with bread:  
**Amount of Energy 10c will buy in various foods:**

Articles:	Energy:
Eggs .....	385
Beef .....	410
Mutton .....	445
Milk .....	618
Bread .....	1800

Stop the high cost of living by eating less of the high-priced, low-in-energy foods and buying more bread—more baker's bread. This is higher in nutritive qualities than the home made kind; it's thoroughly baked through and through—from crust to center. Considering the occasionally sour batch of home made bread, the burned loaves, etc., baker's bread is much cheaper. Banish kitchen drudgery. Arrange to be supplied daily with baker's bread.

**"ATTENTION"**  
Owing to the immediate demand for  
**PAN DANDY**  
we were not able to supply all customers.  
But we wish to announce that from now on we will be prepared to serve the  
**PAN DANDY**  
procession.  
If you do not know the richness and quality of **PAN DANDY** Order a loaf from your Grocer today.  
**GENUINE PAN DANDY BREAD**  
Tastes good all the way down.  
**A. G. Duerr, Domestic Science Bakery**  
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